

The Pauline Furlong Women's National Army For Health

DAILY DRILL No. 11.

For the Woman Who Does Her Own Housework.

THIS week I shall devote some time and space to my readers who are home workers, and we all agree that they are indeed the most important element in our midst. Many little household duties which at times become tiresome and irksome can be used to good advantage toward improving the health and appearance of the woman who works in her home.

More and more women are leaving the ranks of idleness and engaging in the fields of progress, even though they are independent financially, but most of us admit that we are still old-fashioned enough to regret seeing them give up obligations in the home for business ventures.

While it is true that many wealthy women have superior intellect and business ability and are undoubtedly born leaders, yet at the same time there are so many women who really need the work that those who are so fortunate as to possess enough of worldly goods to keep the wolf from



Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

GOOD SOAPS FOR SKIN—MRS. H. N. B. Use glycerine soap if the skin is oily, and castile (if any) on dry skin. Use water sparingly on dry skin and never very hot water.

PURE ALCOHOL ON LARGE PORES—N. L. H. If this does not irritate the skin and cause too much burning you may use it after using soap and hot water. Apply it only to conspicuous pores and avoid the use of it on other parts of the face, as it is too drying and will cause lines and crow's feet around the eyes.

CALORIES IN FOOD—MRS. K. U. G. Do not worry about the number of calories you eat each day. See to it that the food is clean, wholesome, well cooked and of the right proportion for the body needs (the appetite is a good guide for this). Calories are food units and space is too limited to go into the subject in the query column.

EGG-GRAPE DRINK—MRS. DE R. Beat the yolk of one egg with one tablespoonful of sugar. Then add three tablespoonsful grape juice, mix well and add the beaten white of the egg. This is a healthful and nourishing drink.

DARK BROWN TASTE IN MORNING—MRS. G. J. N. Since you do not dissipate and eat and drink late at night you are suffering from water starvation. Drink at least two quarts between meals each day. Practice exercises for the trunk muscles.

BORACIC ACID SOLUTION FOR INFLAMED EYES—MRS. F. B. C. Use one heaping teaspoonful of the powdered boracic acid to one pint of hot water. When cold, strain through gauze and use in the eye-cup to bathe the eyes thoroughly.

BURNING FEET—D. C. M. Bathe feet, burning hot, every night in hot water, to which has been added a teaspoonful each of sea salt, alum, borax. Then keep them in cold water ten minutes and after drying rub with alcohol, wear clean stockings and different shoes every day to rest the feet.

DISCHARGE FROM THE EAR—MRS. F. B. C. Light diet, with occasional short fasts, will improve this condition. Drink much water, keep the bowels active, take sweat baths. In other words, improve the condition of the blood.

VERTIGO—MARSHALL, T. Indeed, it is true that the excessive use of tobacco and coffee may cause attacks of vertigo.

BARBER'S ITCH—EDWARD F. N. This disease is easily transmitted from one person to another in unsanitary barber shops.

OIL APPLIED TO SCALP—MRS. GRACE R. Apply it on a puff of cotton to the scalp between small parts in the hair.

PIMPLES—H. S. Since you bathe, exercise and eat simple foods every day and never suffer from constipation, it is trouble may be local. Sometimes impure soap, or local towels, or too hot water.

LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT EXERCISE—MRS. G. Since you are not physically able to exercise, you will have to depend on diet to reduce you, but do not be too anxious to take the weight off quickly and start in to starve yourself. This is not necessary and many foods are both nourishing and non-fattening. The excess weight and superfluous fat make you droop all the time.

SALLOW, OILY SKIN—M. B. After washing face with soap and water, apply lime water. Avoid greasy foods and pastries.



the door should try to content themselves with making the home attractive for those who do labor all day and make the best of the home duties meanwhile. After all, home work is less care and easier than the most attractive business position.

Never allow the housework to become routine or mechanical, because if you do so you will never rise above it, and it is absolutely necessary for the housewife to have some occupation which stimulates the brain, because this important organ must be nourished and fed, else it will deteriorate just as the muscles of the body lose their strength and elasticity when all of the blood in the body is sent to the brain, as in great mental work.

Home workers must have a hobby and follow it out religiously. You should form clubs—literary, musical, art, dancing, etc.—to help you get away from the thought of household responsibilities. In this way you will do better work and with less monotony.

By all means set aside a certain time each day for rest and relaxation, which should be spent in reading the papers and some good books, because nothing is more tiresome to the poor tired-out business man than to come home to dinner and listen to an endless harangue about trivial household happenings. Keep abreast of the times; keep your figure neat and trim and allow sufficient time for the care of the complexion, hands and hair, because these things are just as necessary to the housewife as to the business woman.

A COURTSHIP IN DISGUISE By E. J. Rath

HOW TWO WOMEN LOVED ONE MAN WHO WAS REALLY SOMEBODY ELSE The Cleverest Story of the Year

Copyright, 1917, by Frank A. Munsey Company. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Trask, a young man, is a member of the "Kiddie Klub" and is a very popular figure. He is a very clever and resourceful man, and is known to all as "Trask". He is a very clever and resourceful man, and is known to all as "Trask".

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)
ONE after the other the entrants of the hall, several of Miss Sands's choice bringing home victory. But the race was close and others bid fair to win the grand prize. Then came the high jump. Trask was right in his element, despite lack of practice. He won the jump with something to spare, and won another thing besides that was far more important to him—the enthusiastic praise of his lady fair. "It was an adventure," exclaimed Sidney bawling joyously. "I never saw so much excitement before. And now you positively must meet the soldier of fortune. Come! He's right over here."

He submitted readily to her leading, feeling that even the adventurous Capt. Ferris no longer had him bull down on the horizon, when it came to matters of achievement. They pushed their way through the crowd to a place where a lonely figure was standing, as though aloof from the sport of the afternoon suited his mood.

"Capt. Ferris!"
The gay voice of Miss Sands caused the man at the rail to look up. "I want you to meet Mr. Trask, who is probably the greatest jumper in the world," said Miss Sands.

William Hamilton Trask and his nurse stood staring at each other. The little lady from the weather shop sensed something odd. It was as if one of her father's intricate barometers had abruptly slumped through the bottom of the glass.

She laid an anxious hand on Trask's arm, and despite his preoccupation, he could feel it trembling a little. "You—Keeler?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Trask—sir!"
Sidney Sands uttered a queer little cry and glanced quickly from one of her knights to the other.

"But who are you, Keeler?"
"I'm a nurse, sir."
"Before that, I mean."
Keeler shrugged his bulky shoulders and assumed a diffident expression.

"Come, now, Keeler."
The nurse looked up and studied his patient doubtfully.
"Hi—m! Well, is it just between you and me, sir?"
"Oh, of course."

"Well, then, Mr. Trask, did you ever hear of the Tennessee Tornado?"
Trask wrinkled his forehead in an effort to recollect. Somewhere the phrase touched a respondent chord in his memory, but merely in a vague way. As an incentive to further explanation he shook his head.

"I was him," added Keeler, shuffling his feet.
"You mean—"
"I met the best of them, sir, if I do say it, and most of them I put away."
Keeler straightened in his chair as he made the announcement and assumed a certain air of dignity.

"You were a fighter, you mean?"
"For upward of five years, sir. One of the light heavies, after I grew out of the middleweight."
Trask was beginning to understand things more clearly.

"The best of us have to quit some time, sir. A man can't fight all his life. When it began to gy the other way around—when they started in putting me away, instead of me putting them away, I quit."
The guardian of the sick man paused and seemed on the verge of a smile.

"The man down at the gate there, sir," he observed complacently, "used to be in the profession himself. Name is Dunigan now—and was when he was born—but for awhile he was known as Two-Round Tommy. You never heard of him, sir? He had quite a reputation, after his own way."

"Yet they called him 'Two-Round Tommy'?" queried Trask incredulously.
"Because he never lasted more than two rounds," explained Keeler solemnly. "The reason he's such a friend of mine, sir, is that I let him stay three rounds once. His father and his brother were at the ringside and he asked it as a particular favor. He never could do enough for me after that."

Put me on difficult cases and things like that."
"Did you tell Miss Sands anything about the Tennessee Tornado?"
Keeler was plainly shocked. He looked at his patient with reproachful and surprised eyes.

"Have you ever been to any of those places that you romanced about?"
"Only to Australia, sir. I fought there for a year. But traveling there and back sort of gave me an idea about the world generally, that and reading about it."

"Well, you did an artistic job of lying, Keeler. I'll compliment you on that. But what did you expect to gain by it? You don't imagine that Miss Sands—"
"You never can tell, sir. Sometimes they take a fancy to adventure. But, of course, I should expect to tell her before I married her."
"Married her?" Trask gasped the echoing words. "You mean to say you've got the nerve to think that she'll marry you?"

"There's always a fighting chance," murmured Keeler. "I've taken a lot in my time, sir."
"You're not wholly truthful within. He felt a sneaking sympathy for Keeler, a sort of irresponsible admiration for his vaunting duplicity.

"After all, was he in any better case himself?"
"She's a very fine young lady, sir," observed Keeler, resentful of the laughter.
"Oh, absolutely. I'm with you there. But don't you see what a tremendous fall you're coming to, Keeler, when you have to tell her the truth?"

"I suppose so," said the nurse with a sigh. "I expect it's partly happened now."
"Because I called you 'Keeler' instead of 'Ferris'?"
Keeler nodded.

"Well, it's a stand-off," said Trask. "You called me 'Trumbull.' Where does that leave me? And she saw right away that we knew each other."
Keeler awakened from a trance and displayed renewed interest in his patient. He remembered that he was still without an explanation.

"I don't understand about you, sir," he said. "I've laid my cards down, Mr. Trask, or Mr. Trumbull, whichever it is. Would you mind giving me an idea about yourself?"
Whereupon Trask explained a good many things.

"Of course," mused Trask, consulting himself. "I can be exactly who I really am."
"It's best for you not to go there again, sir."
"Why?"

"It's like this, sir. I called you 'Trumbull' down there, and it might be hard to explain. And then there's the things I said about you to Miss Sands. I'm sorry I did it; but it's done. I didn't know who you were, of course."

"But I'll explain all that to her," "Mr. Trask! You'll not give me away, sir?"
There was keen alarm in Keeler's voice. He leaned forward in his chair and thrust out his hands in an involuntary gesture of supplication.

"But I called you 'Keeler,' didn't I?"
"I'll manage to explain that, sir," said the nurse hastily. "I'll fix that all right. You leave it to me, Mr. Trask."
CHAPTER XV.

YOU mean to tell me that you propose to go on parading as 'Capt. Ferris'?"
"What else can I do?"
"Keeler, you're shameless! I won't permit it. You've got no right to palm off such stuff on an innocent girl."

"Well, I wouldn't want to be disrespectful, Mr. Trask, but doesn't that make about an even break between you and me, sir?"
"Certainly not! I've told Miss Sands who I really am. I'm not traveling under a false flag."

"I wasn't thinking of her, sir," said Keeler, with an apologetic cough. "It was Miss Kent I had in mind."
Trask was jolted. It was as if he had run headlong into a stone fence.

"You see," added Keeler, pressing his point eagerly, "it's the same between you and Miss Kent as it is between me and Miss Sands. If it's wrong for me, it seems as if it ought to be wrong for you, sir."

"I always try to speak well of the ladies, sir."
"In short, you want me to keep away from Miss Sands?"
Keeler was silent and uncomfortable. Trask studied him briefly, then shook his head.

"Sorry, Keeler, old man, but it can't be done."
"That being the situation, how is it about peace or war?" inquired Trask.
"Good heavens, sir! I'll never be taken a liking to you, Mr. Trask. We—er—we may be rivals, sir; but there'll be no war between us. But I'll ask you, sir, to give another thought to Miss Kent before you decide. She's a wonderful young lady, Mr. Trask."

There was a knock at the stateroom door, and as Keeler arose to answer it, he made a swift signal to Trask, who dropped hastily into the wheel-chair. A moment of whispered conversation between the nurse and Trask, who followed, and then Keeler stepped on deck and closed the door after him.

He was gone for several minutes. When he returned his brow was moist and his eyes anxious.
"There's the devil to pay, sir," he announced abruptly.
"What now?"

"It's on account of Miss Grimm—the one you call the dragon."
"What's she been doing?"
"She managed to visit the second cabin this afternoon, sir."

"And she saw you jump six feet over a bar, sir?"
Trask blushed softly.
"Yes, she did. She managed to ask, 'Well, she's told Miss Kent, sir. And she's told Mrs. Kent. And the worst is, sir, she's told the captain!'"

"Go ahead. What's the rest of the cheerful news?"
"Well, the captain thinks there's some queer business going on, sir, and he's started an investigation. He's sent for me and you, Mr. Trask."

"Tell him I'm sick."
"I'm afraid it won't do, sir. He seems to be suspicious. He has queried about the 'man overboard' business. There's nothing for it, sir, but to go up to his office."

Trask chewed his lip and tried to reason, but the solution of the dilemma suggested itself.

"Well, how am I to go, Keeler? About or ahead?"
"Take my advice, sir, and stick to the chair as long as you can."

"All right. Wheel me up to the stateroom seat. But listen, Keeler. We stick together now. Understand? We'll play that off like palm!"
"Right, sir. I'll do my best by you. Mr. Trask, and I know you'll do as much for me. We'll fix it somehow. Shall we shake hands on it, sir?"

"They shook hands."
"And my name's still Trumbull," "You know," warned Trask.

"Leave that to me, sir," said the Tennessee Tornado.
(To Be Continued.)

Members who cannot save the coupons may obtain pennants by sending in cents with name.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.
Beginning with any coupon, cut out six of these from the paper. Then send them to the Klub, care of the Evening World, No. 68 North Avenue, N. Y. City. In return you will receive a Klub Pin.

COUPON NO. 222

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

My Favorite Hero

NATHAN HALE (Anecdotal Version)

Birth of Connecticut, June 6, 1755; Died at New York City, Sept. 22, 1776. Life in New York City. A few moments later his life would have been ended.

The brave words of this young martyr, who died for his country's flag, have been a source of inspiration to many of our people. His life was a life of sacrifice and heroism. He was a true American, and his death was a sacrifice for the freedom of his country.

Let us all show our reverence and respect for this brave lad by upholding the banner of bravery and by devotion to the flag that Nathan Hale died for.

By LILLIAN CONNOR, age fifteen, No. 214 North Avenue, N. Y. City. (Honorable Mention)

My favorite American hero is the immortal Washington, more often called "the father of his country." He was born in Virginia in 1732 of good parents, and received a good education. I admire him above all other heroes on account of the frankness and truthfulness which he always displayed.

George Washington was also very modest. He accepted the honors of the world with indifference, as if he deserved them no more than did any other man. He was never rash and never cowardly. He did not court popular favor, but sought to do right.

He was only a young man of twenty-two, but he did it so successfully that he rose rapidly in the esteem of every one. He was first made a colonel in the French and Indian wars in which he won great fame. Later he led troops in the Revolution and commanded a great many battles, and in this war he played a great part in the cause of his country.

He then retired to private life in his home at Mount Vernon, where he died two years later, in 1799, and is esteemed by all who know him. This great hero should be the model of every true American, old and young.

His traits of character may be copied by every young American. In this way they are sure to win success. By LUCY DRAKE, age fifteen, No. 114 West One Hundred and Second Street, New York City.

and 5 years of age send in their drawings as late as to-day?

A. No. All members may enjoy that privilege.

Q. I should like to send some money for the French orphans, but first I want to ask if I would be bound to claim an orphan to support or may I send contributions whenever I can spare them?

A. When you contribute to the Kiddie Klub French Orphan Fund you have no obligations. You may send whatever amount you feel able to spare. A little from each Klub member means a great deal for these worthy, needy children.

Q. How may I get another Kiddie Klub pin? I have lost mine.

A. If you have belonged to the Klub for three months you can obtain a new pin by saving three Kiddie Klub coupons numbered in rotation. Send the coupons to me and a new pin will be forwarded as soon as possible.

Q. I should like to write to some of my Klub Cousins. Some of those who send in poems and stories do not give their names. What shall I do?

A. There are a great many more contributions than we can use. Those who do not choose from among those whose age is somewhere near your own.

Q. I have received a pennant for bringing five new members into our Klub. If I send thirty more coupons could I get something else?

A. Yes, if you send the public notice of your active work are the only rewards given.

The Lost Teddy-Bear.
Once there was a little girl named Lily who was very fond of her teddy bear. She had it for a long time, and she loved it very much. One day she lost it, and she was very sad.

She cried and cried, and she looked everywhere for it, but she could not find it. She was very sad, and she thought, "Where is my teddy bear? I need him so much."

One day she was playing in the park, and she saw a boy who was holding a teddy bear. She went up to him and asked, "Where did you get that bear?"

The boy said, "I found it in the trash can. It was very old and dirty, but I liked it, so I kept it." Lily was very sad, and she thought, "Where is my teddy bear? I need him so much."

She went home and told her mother about the boy and his teddy bear. Her mother said, "Lily, don't worry. Your teddy bear is still in the trash can. Go and get it."